The Black-Browed Villain

BY COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Mr. Bainbridge Finds Business and Love Equally Distracting.

UPON his silken pillow, a Turkish towel enwrapping him and tastily fastened at the neck with a safety pin, sat Lord Kilkenning Marston Conquerer I, otherwise Toodles, otherwise his majesty the Shrimp, fresh from his morning bath. One white, perfumed foot was raised in the hands of his mistress, Miss Margaret Lannington, who knelt beside him, deftly and carefully manipulating a manicure file. But as for his lordship, nails were nothing in his life; nor was the fact that he was the best dog of his breed in the whole State of Missouri, according to the standards set by the annual dog show at St. Louis.

Lord Kilkenning suddenly came to life to leap in a circling bound as a familiar whistle sounded from the street below. He stumbled to the window and raised himself on his bowed hind legs, that he might peer without. Mr. Bainbridge—Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, the rising young assistant superintendent of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company—who some glorious day would be the Shrimp's master—stood on the sidewalk signaling for his majesty to accompany him as far as the avenue on the morning walk to the office. But Miss Lannington waved the nail file.

"He can't go this morning," she announced above the dog's whining. "I'm taking him to the city."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bainbridge in a rather strained voice. "You're going to St. Louis?"

"Yes—to do some shopping. I thought I might as well get started at it."

"Oh!" Mr. Bainbridge waved to the Shrimp, threw a kiss to Miss Lannington and walked on. Miss Lannington looked after him queerly.

"I wonder what can be the matter with Theodore?" she asked. "He's been so quiet the last few days."

The Shrimp didn't answer. He merely danced at the window and whined.

Less than a month before Mr. Bainbridge had declared that he didn't intend to be walked on any more down at the office; that he was going to show a few people, particularly Mr. Kendall, the superintendent, that he intended to have his just due. He and Miss Lannington had become engaged, it is true. But the thing that was to carry him on through a happy and prosperous married life was still farther away than Tibet.

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MR. BAINBRIDGE turned in the office door, grumbling to himself as he went up the stairs, then halted suddenly, his breath traveling in funny, undignified jerks. Where Mr. Kendall once had sat at the superintendent's desk was now only a vacant chair. And across the office that dumpy, energetic little person rotated behind an effulgent piece of desk furniture which bore the legend "General Manager." The name of Mr. Bainbridge, done in etched metal, still remained at the same old place. The rising young assistant superintendent crossed the office to the new general manager and drew himself to what might be called a proud height. He did not pause for any hypocritical congratulations.

"Mr. Kendall!" he announced.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bainbridge." The promotion had made no change in Mr. Kendall's crisp manner.

"Could I ask if your successor has been selected?"

"Not yet—no. We haven't quite gotten around to that, Mr. Bainbridge."

It was a vicious blow. If there were any justice in the world, Mr. Bainbridge knew there would not be a minute's hesitation as to who deserved that desk. So when he spoke again it was with a wealth of sarcasm.

"Then I suppose it's necessary to put in an application?"

"Well"—there was a hint of a smile—"it's not necessary. But we're more than willing to consider——"

"I see. Then you will please receive mine?"

"Yes." Mr. Kendall cogitated. "Yes, Mr. Bainbridge. Yes, we'll receive it."

Which was a far more vicious thrust than the first. Something flared through the veins of Mr. Bainbridge and plopped in his brain.

"And, of course, being occupied with your new job, you've had no time to look at those plans of mine?"

"About the glue?" Mr. Kendall pawed at a few papers on his new desk. "Yes, looked 'em over last night. Sorry, but they won't do."

"Won't do? You say you looked them over? But did you study them?"

Mr. Kendall looked up with a thin smile.

"Didn't need much studying. Same old trouble, Bainbridge—a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back. Looks like a best seller when you're explaining your argument and a last year's newspaper when you've finished. Sorry, old man."

"May I have my plans, please!" came in a croaky voice. Then Mr. Bainbridge turned to his desk and tried to read his mail. Here he had worked night after night, thinking up schemes for the betterment of this plant, only to have a black-browed villain—Mr. Kendall was really sandy complexioned and possessed of a few freckles—stand between him and the place at the top which really should be his. If there were any justice in the world——

But there was only an office boy, poking his elbow.

"M' Slan'gton's downstairs," he announced. "Wants to see you."

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MR. BAINBRIDGE rose hazily and went downstairs to where Miss Lannington waited in the front seat of her car, while the Shrimp divided his time between leaps from the front to the rear and back again, protesting with squeals and yawning yowls against the delay. His majesty appreciated Mr. Bainbridge, even if the management didn't; and wiggled forward to have his head scratched. This Mr. Bainbridge accomplished in a preoccupied fashion, staring down at His Lordship. In some way, he did not know how, the Shrimp reminded him of his plans.

Miss Lannington was speaking to him.

"Pheo, dear, I hated to interrupt you. But you went by so fast this morning. Alice Mason called up just before I saw you. When I told her I was driving to the city, she invited me to go to the circus."

"Yes?" Mr. Bainbridge wiped his perspiring face.

"It's in St. Louis today. I told her I thought I had a date to go with you when it comes here a week from Friday. Is that right—that we go together?"

"Yes. But——"

"Oh, I just wanted to know. Of course, if you don't care to take me, I can go with her. But I just thought——"

"No, it isn't anything like that. You go ahead if you want to—with her. I'd figured on taking you, but——"

"Now, Theo, dear, it isn't a question of that at all. She asked me, and I just thought I'd be sure. Of course, if it would be a bother to you——"

"No, it won't be any bother. No—we'll go here when it comes. I guess—" he said it with bitter remembrance of his unexalted position—"I can get off."

"How silly! Of course you can get off. I simply can't understand why you should take such a gloomy view of a little thing like that. It really made no difference to me; I just wanted to find out, so I could know whether to leave Toodles at home or not. . . . Theodore," she asked suddenly, "you are not ill?"

"I? No—no, I feel fine."

"Then what is the trouble? You've acted so strangely."

"Nothing," he said, scratching the Shrimp's head.

"Well, of course, if you don't care to tell me—" with a smile and a casual air, she turned to the wheel. "I'll be back this evening. Good-bye," and Miss Lannington gripped the steering-wheel with an angry clutch as she whizzed out of town.

Back in the office, Mr. Theodore Bainbridge picked up his beloved plans and strode past the general manager's desk and up to that of the president.

"Mr. Akers!" he began, "I would like to interrupt you for about two minutes."

"Make it three if it's business."

"It is. I have been informed that we are about to embark on a new enterprise, that of putting a glue on the market in addition to our other products."

"Exactly."

"And, if my information is correct, there is no advertising fund to put this over in a national way. We have ten thousand dollars for advertising, which, as we all know, is only a drop in the bucket when it comes to doing anything on a broad scale. Therefore, the only way possible is to start that glue down in St. Louis, concentrate there, then gradually spread out. Now, Mr. Akers, you realize, of course, that we are up against keen competition—there are glues that have been on the market for years."

Mr. Akers smiled slightly.

"Yes; we've considered that matter."

"Very well. That was the first thing that came to me. So, in drawing up my plans——"

"Oh"—Mr. Akers allowed just a hint of disinterest to creep into his voice—"you're talking about those plans of yours?"

"Then you've seen them?"

"No, but Kendall told me about them."

"Oh! Kendall? He told you about them? Just what I thought, Mr. Akers—and just why I came in to see you myself. There's a difference between somebody else interpreting them. Now, Mr. Akers, if you have no objection——"

"Go right ahead."

Mr. Bainbridge laid the beloved plans on the desk.

"We haven't the money for a big campaign. That's settled. Then the thing is simple. First, select a catchy name and then decide on some unusual stunt, so that every time the name is mentioned the word 'glue' simply comes unbidden. After this, back up the stunt advertising by regular——"

"Fine;" Mr. Akers leaned back in his chair and made a church-steeple out of his fingers. "Now, what did you say that stunt was?"

"I didn't say. But——"

"But of course you've got one, Mr. Bainbridge? Something that will simply knock 'em right off their perch?"

"Why——" Mr. Bainbridge swallowed with some difficulty. "I hadn't gone into that—definitely. I——"

"I was afraid so. This little idea of yours—it's exactly what we want—except that you don't tell us how to do it. As Kendall says——"

It was very, very bitter.

"I fancy Mr. Kendall has had a great deal to say."

"Well, no. Kendall doesn't talk much. But in our conversations, when he has mentioned your plans, he's put it once or twice aptly, something about a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back. But we want you to know that we're very grateful—very grateful, indeed."

Then Mr. Akers became terribly busy, and Mr. Bainbridge went out. He sat down at his desk, and carefully placed his damp brow on his left palm. Then he began to think.

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TWO hours later he still was at it, lost in a sea of nameless glue that simply would not jell. At noon he rose in vacant fashion and washed his hands gingerly, as though something adhered to the fingers.

Miss Margaret Lannington sat in her car alongside the curb of a St. Louis street and fumed at the jam caused by a circus parade until the calliope had gone screaming by. Then she shoved through the traffic and stopped with a jerk in front of her favorite modiste's. Miss Lannington still was angry—so angry that she flipped out of the car and into the shop without even considering the fact that she had left his majesty the Shrimp sitting on the rear seat, with one end of his leash fastened to the rug carrier.

Which bothered the Shrimp not at all. He merely sat in bored fashion and panted. Then suddenly stiffened belligerently and barked. A mongrel dog was settling himself in the shade of the car. Of all things!

The hair bristled upon Lord Kilkenning's back. The skin furled from his teeth, while he leaped to the front seat and there leaned forth, disgorging assorted dog insults such as only a rich dog can heap upon an envied street hound. The cur rose, stiffened his legs, walked in a circle, and replied to the effect that Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I could go chase himself.

It was too much. His majesty swung to the rear seat again, traveled once more in a wide leap to the front, fell over the side, wiggled there helplessly until his harness gave way and deposited him unadorned upon the sidewalk. The street hound by this time was trotting onward, forgetful of his unpleasantries of the moment before.

But not the Shrimp. He attacked on the fly, while the street dog furled his tail and ran, rounding the corner and disappearing in a maze of boxes and barrels.

His majesty roamed for a few moments in anxious search, then forgot his anger in the largeness of the world about him. Ten minutes later he was investigating the contents of a garbage can far up an alley, and an hour following that he halted with the knowledge that he was thoroughly and effectually lost.

Miss Lannington at that moment was striving vainly at the want-ad counter of a newspaper to describe the markings of a dog which looked a great deal like any other Boston. Then she imparted her woeful message via long-distance to Mr. Bainbridge, while, two miles away, Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I paused with a great thought.

His wanderings had taken him to the edge of a wide expanse where banners floated from the peaks of widespread canvas, and where the atmosphere was alive with scents, one in particular which had struck the nostrils and fancy of his lordship before—every time he rode past a livery stable—bringing strange yearnings which he did not understand: the natural love of a dog for a horse. Soon the Shrimp stood at the entrance to a long tent in which were scores of horses, great, heavy draft stock. Shrimp trotted from one great animal to another, and at last halted beside a line of eight dapple gray Percherons nosing the hay beneath the canvas mangers.

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THE Percherons looked him over in kindly appraisal and went on eating. A teamster, wrinkled, his shoulders humped against a bale of hay, grinned a welcome.

A man, entering the tent, spoke.

"Just seen the Chief, Gran'ma."

Gran'ma, the teamster, looked up anxiously.

"Did you? What'd he say?"

"Same ol' thing. Got to sell 'em. I told him how you felt about it, and all that—but he said you needn't to worry. Course, you know, Gran'ma, you ain't strong enough to handle them younger teams. You've said that yourself."

"Yeh, I know that. They're old, an' I'm old—and that's the end of us. They never could sell 'em off in a bunch so's I could go with 'em teamin' —no matter how cheap he'd price 'em. If he sells them horses off in teams—that just ends me."

"It don't end you at all. He says he'll always have a place for you around here."

"Yeh, but not skinnin' an eight-horse layout."

"No, not doing that. But he'll have something."

Then the boss hostler moved on. The music from the band from the big show had told of the beginning of the afternoon performance; already the circus must be on the move, preparing for the journey to the next town. Gran'ma moved under the picket-rope and to the first of his eight Percherons.

"Too old," he said under his breath. "Oh, he's right. They puff mighty bad on them long pulls. But then I sure hate to see 'em split up. Look out, Pups; Gran'ma's got to hitch up."

The process of bridling finished, Gran'ma swung to the broad back of a wheel horse, then again looked downward.

"Where do you belong, anyhow, Pups?" he asked. The Shrimp answered the question by trotting between the shaggy hoofs of the leaders. Gran'ma grinned. "Don't like 'em any more'n I do," he announced. "Giddap!"

Mr. Bainbridge went back to his work obsessed with glue and gloom. The Big Idea steadily had refused to come; he found himself divided between descriptions of Stanch Sticker—which he had selected as a working title—and the markings of Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I. In some inexplicable way, they remained correlated in his brain, the Shrimp and Stanch Sticker.

It was a tough task. It remained so—even into the late night, when he sat at home by the telephone waiting for some news from Miss Lannington about the Shrimp. Miss Lannington's efforts had gone to naught.

But not the Shrimp's! Gran'ma, in halting, kindly fashion, had told him to git along. The Shrimp had gotten—to edge into the menageries and edge out again as the old elephant dog, burdened with the task of evicting all strange canines from the vicinity of his massive and easily frightened charges, leaped forward in snarling attack.

The Shrimp then approached the dog wagon, with its leash ropes and its yelping pack only too eager to set upon any "towner dog" that came their way; then he veered to the blacksmith shop, where the smith growled at him; next he dodged about the stake-and-chain wagon, where the roughnecks ignored him in their labors; then he pranced joyously forth once more at the sight of Gran'ma and the eight Percherons coming again upon the lot.

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AND now it was midnight. The big eight-horse team had swung to their last load, then, their chain-tugs clanking as they were freed of it at the runs, had trudged slowly down the dark freight lanes to their resting place in the stock cars. The Shrimp had trotted along.

The cludding of hoofs upon hollow-sounding runways — shouts — good-natured cursing, as one by one the heavy draft animals went up to their haven. The Shrimp huddled for a moment in the darkness, one foot raised, his head cocked inquiringly. Then as old Gran'ma started toward the closing of the car door, his lordship scooted up the runway, rounded the door and settled himself between the forefeet of a Percheron in the farthest part of the car. Gran'ma grunted. Then he raised his lantern and moved forward to investigate. Some minutes later he still remained, bent on one knee, the lantern beside him, one hand patting at the head of the grimy little dog.

"Don't you know," he argued, "that they don't let us pick up pups this way—'specially pedigreed, like you must be? Causes damage suits, sonny—if people find it out. An' blame us for stealin' their dogs. You can't come along—can't be done, sonny. Why, I'd git fired if——" Then he halted. "Just about fired anyway," he murmured. "Might's well be, if they sell these horses. They won't let me drive the eight-horse no-how."

With that he rose. He closed the door quietly, thoughtfully, then climbed to his bunk, which he occupied as a sleeping night watchman in case of fire.

"Come on up here, sonny," he called at last. "Guess I can lend you half my blanket."

Thus began a life of delight—of mornings and nights in the dust, trailing beside the shaggy feet of those Percherons, of long journeys from the train to the lot, while old Gran'ma alternately beamed down at him from the high seat, or sat in glum conjecture when a strange figure made its appearance around the horse tents, with the threat of a possible purchaser for eight heavy Percheron horses, perfectly good for ordinary use, but incapacitated for the grueling life of the circus. Of which the Shrimp knew nothing—and was happy.

A state of mind entirely different from that of Miss Margaret Lannington. Her advertising had brought no response. Just at the time when she needed him most, Toodles, dear little Toodles, was gone—out there in the world somewhere, probably cold and shivering at night, with not enough to eat, or mistreated, or—or—— Life was a bitter thing for Miss Margaret Lannington these days. The first rift had appeared; it was not only that Toodles had disappeared, but for Theodore to act the way he had! It was because he never had really loved her—he had just pursued her for the sake of the chase—all men were that way. Then she gritted her teeth and made up her mind that if any one was going to be turned down it certainly would not be she. He'd love her, or she'd know the reason why!

Which would have been cruel if she'd known it. But she didn't. Mr. Bainbridge, having burned his bridges in the matter of what he was going to do, could hardly be expected to give up without at least a struggle at secrecy. He didn't know he was breaking her heart. All he could think of was a selling campaign for glue—that, and the fact that the superintendent's desk still stood vacant and that Mr. Kendall wasn't even trusting him with a little more work. Quite insistently a paraphrase of his old college foot ball song was growing in the mind of young Mr. Bainbridge; he found himself mouthing the words as he sat glued to his task:

"In the local cemetery, they're very, very busy—
Busy at a brand new gra-a-a-a-a-ve.
No-o-o-o-o-o hope for Bainbridge!"

The big idea hadn't come. Once he had taken an idea to Mr. Akers. Then he had stumbled out again.

"Been used before," had been the verdict. "Beside that, it's only a slogan. What we need, Mr. Bainbridge, is a slogan that can be hooked up with a definite thing to attract attention, if you get what I mean. But I wouldn't put too much time on it. Perhaps it would be just as well if you just looked after your other work. I'm afraid that you haven't the initiative that usually is needed——"

"Then I'll work on it after hours!" Mr. Bainbridge had answered and hurried from the office.

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GLUE! It stuck in his mind. He realized that something was wrong with Miss Lannington, other than her grief for the lost shrimp. But all he could think of when he talked to her was glue. This was a battle to the death, a fight for principle, for justice, against a blind man and a black-browed villain. It even reached the point where Mr. Bainbridge didn't sleep—that is, he stayed awake long enough to realize that it was 3 o'clock, that he'd have to get to the office early to get his work out of the way in time to take Margaret to the circus that afternoon—following which he promptly went to sleep and didn't awake until half-past 9.

He raced out of the house with his collar in one hand and his necktie in the other, dressing as he went. The circus evidently had been in town for several hours; the heavier wagons of the main tent and seats and planks were passing. Mr. Bainbridge hardly noticed them—that is, not for a matter of several blocks. Then he paused, in an effort to learn what had attracted his inattentive attention. And as suddenly he whirled and whooped a command.

It was a dog, trotting beside an eight-horse team of Percherons, an unmistakable little dog of dirty white and seal brown. Mr. Bainbridge cupped both hands. He yelled:

"Shrimp! Shr-i-i-m-p!"

But His Majesty did not hear; the hoofs of those Percherons made too much noise. Mr. Bainbridge broke into a run, yelping as he went. The chase ended at the entrance to the circus grounds as Gran'ma, bending from the seat, saw a gangle-armed form suddenly sweep forward, seize the squirming Shrimp and then stand there breathless, impotently shaking a fist. Gran'ma scowled.

"Hey, there! Lay off that pup!"

"You— you—I'll have the law on you!"

"Huh? What's that?" Gran'ma blinked. "What'd you say?"

"I say you stole this dog!"

"I never did nothin' of the kind." Gran'ma went down the steel ladder to the ground. "That there dog joined out with me in St. Louis—"

"Didn't I say so?" Mr. Bainbridge tossed the Shrimp to the ground, waited until he had reached the hoofs of the Percherons, then called to him. The dog obeyed, for a few feet, wagged his tail, then trotted back to his horses.

Gran'ma rubbed his chin.

"I guess he's yours," he announced "But he sure does love them horses. I never stole him—honest, Mister. He just naturally took up with them horses and wouldn't let go!"

"Bah!" snorted Mr. Bainbridge, and scooped up His Majesty. "Tell that to the judge. I'll have the constable out here"—he moved swiftly away—"as soon as I can get him. We'll see if—Here, Shrimp! Shrimp—you hear me? Come back here!"

For His Majesty had done a nose-dive from Bainbridge's grasp, and once more, forefoot raised in pleading, was back with the horses. The young man stared, his anger cooling.

"He does seem crazy about those horses," he mused.

Gran'ma waved a hand. "Crazy's just the word," came enthusiastically. "I tried to drive him away, but I just couldn't do it. I just didn't have the heart to kick him out." Gran'ma slowed his speech slightly. "Been kind of down-in-the-mouth lately, anyway; they've been figurin' on sellin' off this team if they can get any price for it a-tall. An' when he came on, I just thought maybe he'd be company. But I don't know. He'd want to go with them. Never see anything like the way that bulldog loves them Percherons."

"Um-humph!" Mr. Bainbridge said it absently. "He loves the Percherons, does he? The bulldog, you said? Yes—"

Gran'ma widened his eyes slightly as Mr. Bainbridge suddenly walked in a circle, mumbling: "The bulldog loves the Percherons. Humph! Percherons pull—Percherons pull. Bulldogs—bulldogs—what do bulldogs do? What do bulldogs—"

"Bite, Mister," said Gran'ma. Then to cover up his surprise: "Once a bulldog gets a grip—"

"Grip—grip—" Mr. Bainbridge twiddled his fingers, gasped once or twice, then suddenly seemed to come up for air. "You said this team was for sale cheap?"

"It sure is! But the trouble is, they can't get nobody that wants big horses—or wants 'em all at once—"

Then he halted, for a wild-eyed man had grasped him by the shoulder and pulled him forward.

"Where's the manager? Take me to the manager!"

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AN hour later Miss Margaret Lannington looked out of an upstairs window, shrieked wildly, ran down the steps and rushed into the middle of the street to seize to her breast the form of His Lordship Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I; also to gasp at the sight of a disheveled person who, with one hand on a halter strap, was helping a bent old man lead eight enormous and elderly horses down the street.

"Why, Theodore!" she called. "What has happened?... Where did Toodles come from? What——"

"I'll call you up," came the croaking answer. "Call y'up. Half-hour." Then he went on, still muttering: "Bulldogs grip," he repeated. "Bulldogs grip. Percherons pull, and bulldogs grip——"

But Miss Lannington was not the kind that waits half an hour for a solution to anybody's mystery. She even forgot the fact that Toodles wasn't bathed. She fixed her hair. She powdered her nose. Then she hunted up the old harness, bundled Toodles into it, then, with the dog on the leash, hurried forth to her car.

No, Mr. Bainbridge wasn't in the office. The boy thought he might be out in the garage yard. At least, Mr. Kendall had just gone out there. Miss Lannington moved hurriedly onward, suddenly to lean back as the Shrimp yowled with excitement and struggled to reach an eight-horse team of Percherons, in front of which stood her own Mr. Bainbridge, shaking his fist in the broad face of Mr. Kendall, the general manager.

"And I don't care what you do about it," he was announcing. "It doesn't make one particle of difference to me. Not that much!" He snapped his fingers contemptuously. "I'm just giving you the first chance—that's all. These horses are mine. Paid for them out of my own pocket—twelve hundred dollars, if you want to know. That's what I think of it."

"But just a minute, Mr. Bainbridge. If you'll just take things easy!"

"Oh, want to get the lay of the land, eh? Well, I'll give it to you. Never mind judging other persons by—by——"

"Theodore!" It had begun to look like a fight. Mr. Bainbridge turned his head, stared, disregarded her entirely and went back to his subject.

"As I said, I don't care whether you want it or not. Here's one you can turn down just as early and as often as you want to. 'Eight-Horse Glue!' Get that? 'Eight-Horse Glue. A Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip.' Did you hear it? An eight-horse team pulling against a bulldog stuck in glue. Does that sing in? These eight horses, with plumes on, hitched to a big wagon with that picture and the slogan on it, delivering every jobber's order of glue through the streets of St. Louis—that backed up by the straight advertising. And how long, Mr. Kendall, will it take for everybody in that town to think of our glue every time they turn around? Huh?" He paused and shook his head. "Well, go ahead and say it. It won't do, huh? Well, I'll tell you this: If it doesn't I'm the happiest person in the world. Because I'll go out and buy the first old boneyard I see and start in the glue business myself, and—and——"

He paused. For the man who had been a black-browed villain was grinning an ear-to-ear grin. And he was patting Theodore on the back and saying something about coming right upstairs and seeing Mr. Akers.

That afternoon Miss Lannington and her fiance, the rising young and newly appointed superintendent of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, went to the circus in company with one of the nicest gentlemen they had ever known, Mr. Kendall, the general manager, while down at the factory garage, His Lordship Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, otherwise Toodle, otherwise his majesty the Shrimp, still otherwise Sonny, divided his happiness between a blase old eight-horse team of Percherons and the driver, who had come along with them, an old fellow who called himself Gran'ma.

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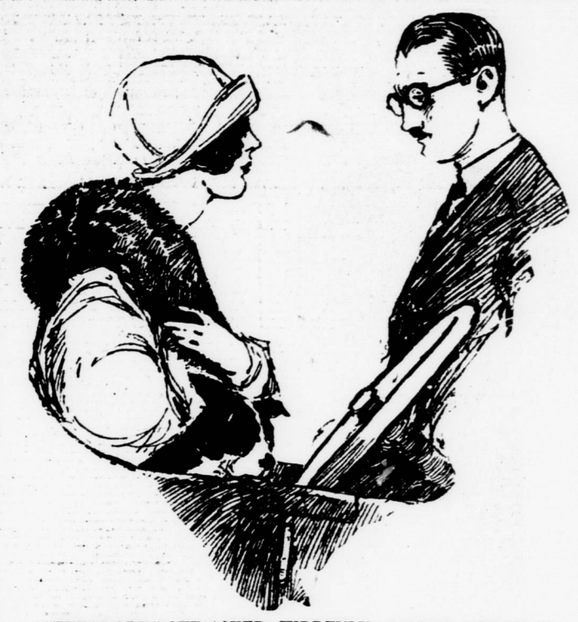

"THEODORE," SHE ASKED, SUDDENLY, "YOU'RE NOT ILL?"

"THEODORE!" SHE CALLED. IT HAD BEGUN TO LOOK LIKE A FIGHT.

How Hot Are the Stars?

WHEN such a question is answered by a layman, quoting some book on astronomy, he is met with incredulous looks and sometimes with such a remark as: "It is impossible for anybody to know such things." But one of the great astronomers of the world, Nordmann, to whose experiments is due the definite knowledge we have of the age and heat of the distant stars, has told just how their age is computed and how the thermometer is applied to them.

It is easy to see at once that what is called the age of the stars, in other words, the more or less advanced state of their development, is related to their temperature. Laplace demonstrated, and all modern researches have but confirmed his conception, that this modest star which is our sun has been formed by the gradual condensation of a vast nebula composed of very rarefied gases, and which at its beginning extended to beyond the orbit of Neptune.

In the sky are to be seen a fairly large number of these nebulae in a state of more or less advanced condensation, and this should suffice to prove that the different stars have doubtless widely differing ages. We know in addition that the gases of the nebulae are very cold, and Helmholtz has proved that when a mass of nebular gas condenses its heat gradually increases through the sole effect of the fall of matter toward its center.

But this heating has a limit, and when the gaseous mass has become sufficiently small and dense so that the gases can no longer move about with ease, calculation shows that the heat gained by condensation then becomes less than that which is lost by radiation into space, and the formed star begins to cool.

From this it follows that the temperature of a star from the beginning of its formation gradually increases, attains a maximum, then diminishes to the point of coldness and to that complete extinction of which the dark satellites of certain stars give us examples.

Now, we know that the sun is a star denser than Sirius; that is, more advanced in its development. To calculate the exact position of the sun it will suffice for us to ascertain whether Sirius has a higher or a lower temperature than the sun. In the former case it will evidently follow that the sun is a star in its decline, tending to complete coldness. In the latter case, on the contrary, it would be a star relatively young and destined in the course of centuries to become much hotter than it is today.

Now, this important question, which is closely attached to the future of our earth, it has been possible to solve, as we are now about to see.

Ordinarily thermometers can give only temperatures of bodies with which they are placed in contact. Evidently, therefore, they cannot be used for the sun, since the latter is 92,000000 miles from the earth; so it has been necessary to seek another method. The science of pyrometry (measure of temperatures) of inaccessible objects was created when a blacksmith first had the idea of putting near his cheek the hot iron the temperature of which he wanted to judge. And it is by a procedure analogous in principle, though necessarily a little less rudimentary in its application, that the temperature of the sun has been measured.

By means of a special apparatus called actinometers it has been proved that the quantity of radiant heat that each square meter of the earth receives from the sun at the zenith is equal to about 20,000 great calories per minute. A great calorie is the quantity of heat necessary to raise one kilogram of water one degree (Centigrade) in temperature. It follows that if the earth were enveloped in a layer of water 20 centimeters thick placed at the limits of our atmosphere, which would be able to stop all heat the sun sends us, this water would all be raised in one minute from the temperature of ice to that of boiling water.

Taking into account the distance of the sun, it is calculated that the total quantity of heat which this sends into space in one year is equal to the enormous number of almost three decillions of great calories. That is a number which takes 33 "naughas" to express!

Finally, from these data it can easily be deduced that the temperature of the solar surface is somewhere between 8,000 degrees and 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Let us recall in this relation that the highest temperature which has been realized on earth, that of the positive crater of the electric arc, is not above 6,332 degrees Fahrenheit.

Signal Corps Takes Wireless to Eskimos

BY EMMET DOUGHERTY.

THE United States Army Signal Corps has taken the wireless to the Eskimos. Very shortly, from station WXG at Wiseman, Alaska, a mining camp on the middle fork of the Koyukuk River, the farthest north a United States Army signalman has ever penetrated with wireless outfit, messages will be flashed through the air and 64 white persons and numerous Eskimos there will no longer be isolated from civilization.

The establishment of the Wiseman radio station is part of the Government's scheme to complete an extensive link of communication between the United States and Alaska, being the 18th wireless station to be set up in the territory. Wiseman is at 67½ degrees north latitude and 150 degrees longitude.

To Pvt. Elmer J. Ulen of the Signal Corps belongs the distinction of being the farthest north of any soldier in the United States Army "on duty." In this little mining camp of Wiseman, 70 miles north of Fort Yukon and a similar distance due east of Noorvik, another radio station, Pvt. Ulen is now applying the finishing touches to the station. He will be assigned there temporarily as the Government operator and will have charge of the 50-watt tube set, known as Signal Corps 109-A set, which has a normal range of approximately 100 miles. The outfit is capable of transmitting on a 300 to 500 meter wave length and can receive from stations using a wave length of 300 to 1,100 meters.

The need for this form of communication was first called to the attention of the Signal Corps in a petition signed by the 64 white residents of the camp at Wiseman. Heretofore, these pioneer miners had only had ten mails a year and only two deliveries of freight a year. The petition recited that there had been extracted "millions of dollars of gold dust from our alluvial deposits and the Geological Survey says that it will require many years of hard labor to exhaust this field." The Government was told it was "a duty to aid in the economic and efficient development of this vast area by establishing a wireless station at Wiseman."

The Seattle headquarters of the Signal Corps was communicated with and a response came back that an order to convey wireless equipment to Wiseman and establish a station there would be promptly complied with. The order went forward, and now the completed station is about ready to operate.

Showing co-operation, the population of Wiseman agreed to construct the wireless building and maintain the Government operator to be assigned there. Accordingly, Pvt. Ulen, who was a member of the Signal Corps staff at Fort Yukon, was assigned the task of getting the equipment to Wiseman and connecting up the station.

The trip from Fort Yukon to the isolated spot of Wiseman was made on the Yukon and Koyukuk Rivers. Ulen and his equipment being transported by boat from Yukon to Nulata and thence on the Koyukuk River eastward to Bettles, and thence on the middle fork of the Koyukuk River to Wiseman. Ulen's small craft was drawn by a horse the latter part of the journey.

Over the same route, twice a year, are hauled the food supplies and other freight desired by the population of Wiseman. Mail, too, is carried by the same route, with eight additional deliveries each year.

With the establishment of the Wiseman radio station, immediate communication with the outside world will be available to the mining community.

United States Army Signal Corps wireless stations are now in operation at the following Alaskan points: Bethel, Circle, Craig, Fairbanks, Fort Egbert, Fort Yukon, Fort Gibbons, Ruby, Holy Cross, Iditarot, Juneau, Ketchikan, Livingood, Nulata, Nome, St. Michael and Noorvik, the last mentioned station being the farthest north until the Wiseman station is in operation.

The establishment of this chain of radio stations by the Signal Corps is part of a gigantic scheme to link the Northern territory with the United States.

Parisians on Vacations

PARIS, September 19.

IN the human agglomeration which constitutes a greater Paris of 4,000,000 souls, we have first to count out more than 500,000 who are grown up and not married and are a law to themselves. This leaves 750,000 families more or less. Three-fourths of all these expect every year, regularly in the warm weather, to have a vacation or go on leave or take a rest for some days. Nearly all the unmarried go and, in whole or in part, half a million of the families. The rest expect to take one whole day or several somewhere away and out of Paris.

Where do they all go—in a general way, I mean? For there are one thousand and several hundreds of seaside resorts, watering places and mountain and other touring stations which have been licensed by the French government. This license is necessary for advertising and for casinos or water cures or amusement places, if only for the government tax. But this big number of health and pleasure resorts is not near enough for all the inhabitants of Paris and Lyons and Marseilles and other large cities who cry at the same time of year—"Give us a rest!"

Where can they all go? Let us begin with the "upper ten," those who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths or have somehow got it there now.

The rich in France seldom cross the Atlantic. Some of them try the Norway tour and more go to England and Scotland and many used to frequent Switzerland, which is right at their door. All Europe west of Russia is ridiculously small to Americans for the noise it makes. It is not more than a dozen of our good-sized States and trips from New York to Omaha or Denver or Texas would cover pretty near all the distances from Paris to any place where one would care to rest.

Since the war, the French have been keeping more and more to their own country. They lose too much when they change their money abroad and there are other reasons why they get more joy out of life at home. And then they can meet all the world and his wife at the most expensive and ultra-fashionable French resorts.

During the short season at Deauville, they say, for every five French men and women you see as many Hollanders, who are scattering prodigiously the money they made on both sides during the war; twice as many South Americans, who never lack fine clothes or money for the gaming tables; three times as many English and Dominion people and four times as many United States Americans. This sounds correct.

After the rich, who can spend money almost as Americans do, there come the average well to do French families. For these, no country has so many fairly cheap summer resorts, where you can have board and lodging under 40 francs a day, that is, about $2. Of course, the women have to be prepared with new hats and gowns, but Frenchwomen arrange all that wonderfully. And it is in such places that families knowing each other meet or make new acquaintances of their own "world," as they say—and so succeed in marrying off their daughters and their sons, too.

These families usually leave Paris in the latter half of July, when the schools close and the children are given their freedom. Many go first to the sea and then, in August, to the mountains, or do "cures" at springs, or cheaply board out here and there and everywhere.

Families of the "little people," as they say, "that is, with small means," manage as best they can. They do about the same as the many employes, that is, men and women living on wages from government jobs or big shops or factories, down to the least employments. All these manage to break the year by getting a few days away from city life. If it is a family keeping a little shop of its own, they put up the shutters with a note on the door when they will be back—or they take turns among themselves. Employes get from 10 days to a month universally.

These are not hotel customers. Where do they go, often for less than 50 cents a day?

Here we come on one of the peculiarities of French life. The majority of the French people are "peasants," that is, farmers or working on farms. From them all the other classes are recruited. You will seldom find a French workman or woman who has not relatives living in the country, and glad to take them in. Half of the French wage-earners in industries are sons and daughters of peasants, and half the rest are grandchildren. And so are the school teachers and post employes. The unity of the French people is based on this family union.

Now for the poor kids, whose parents have no money and no country relatives for their vacation. In most of the Paris wards, provision is made to send from 1,000 to 2,000 such school children to the country for two weeks in relays. Teachers accompany them to care for them, and help at games and walks, and make them acquainted with fields and trees. I have seen wonderful note books of such children from the poorest quarters of Paris.

For the sick poor, Paris is opening more and more health house by the sea and on the hills, but never enough.

STERLING HEILIG.

A Big Drive.

A visitor being shown around a lake said to his guide: "How deep is this one?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you not hear from him?"

"Oh, yes! We had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."